

COWBOY WESTERN

Nº48

COWBOY

# WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



FEATURING  
**GOLDEN ARROW**

10¢



GIORDANO  
ALASCIA





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even a "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up the sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

**WHAT'S MY SECRET?**  
"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

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When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" at most unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

## ARE YOU

Slender, Weak and Run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?  
Fat and flabby?  
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

**FREE**

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION follows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32512, 1115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

## SILVER CUP

### GIVEN AWAY

129 Men! Given to people making great physical improvement in the next 3 months.



## Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

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"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

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—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

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"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

## CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 32512

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and send as I like. It does not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.



## COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS  
EH! die this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ POT O' GOLD  
LASH LARUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES  
ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES  
SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS  
ZOO FUNNIES ★ THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



# RIP RYAN

in

## TRIGGER BAIT

D-DON'T SHOOT, RIP! I'M SHUFFLE  
... YOUR OWN  
DEPUTY!

WHAT I'M AIMING AT  
IS THE DEADLIEST KILLER  
ON THE PLAINS, YOU OLD  
COYOTE! HUG THE GRASS  
...THERE'S GONNA BE  
HOT LEAD FLYING!

**T**HE TROUT  
WERE BITING  
THAT AFTER-  
NOON FOR BOTH  
RIP RYAN AND OLD  
SHUFFLE, HIS  
DEPUTY... BUT A  
MAN-NUNT  
CHANGED THEIR  
PLANS DRAMATICALLY!  
FOR WITH INFAMOUS  
BILLY BANKROFT  
ON THE LOOSE,  
FISHING RODS  
SOON GAVE WAY  
TO...

### TRIGGER BAIT

PICK  
BROWN

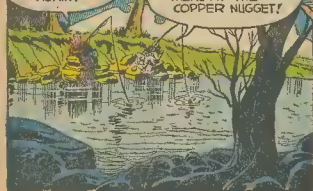
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A  
CHANCE, METHUSELAH!  
THAT TWO POUNDER  
OF MINE'S A CINCH...

M-MY LINE...  
IT'S BUCKING LIKE  
THERE'S A WHALE  
AT T'OTHER END!  
**YIPPEE...**  
STAND BACK!

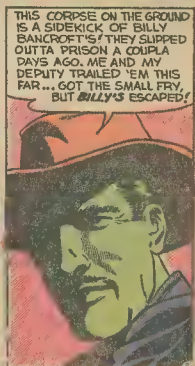
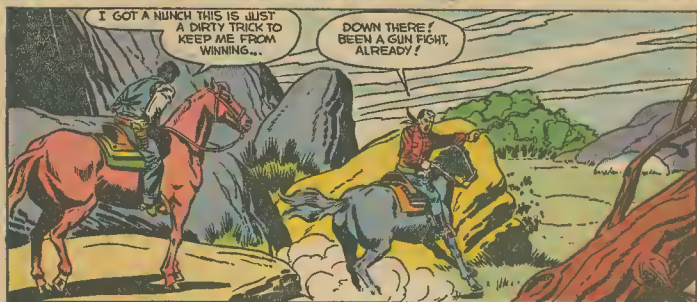
**T**HE DAY STARTED OFF PLACIDLY ENOUGH, BE-  
SIDE LONGHORN CREEK, ON THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF COWTOWN...

THIS IS THE LIFE,  
EH, SHUFFLE? A  
DAY OFF SURE  
GETS THE VITAL  
JUICES FLOWING  
AGAIN.

KEEP YOUR MIND  
ON THE FISH, MARBLE-  
HEAD! AND REMEMBER  
OUR BET ... GUY WHO  
CATCHES THE BIGGEST  
FISH GETS STOOD A  
MEAL AT THE  
COPPER NUGGET!

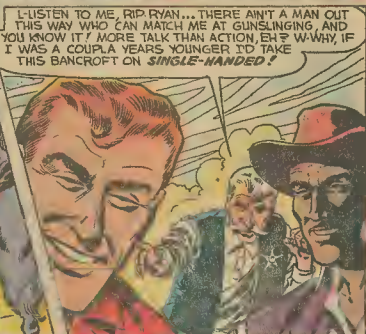


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





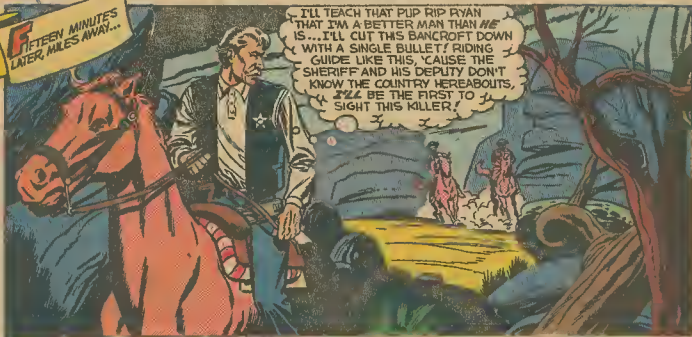
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**F**IFTEEN MINUTES  
LATER, MILES AWAY...

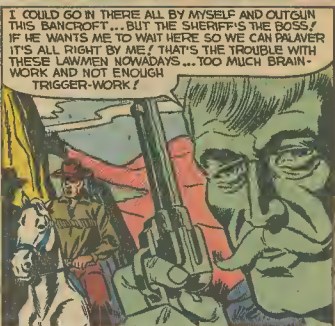
I'LL TEACH THAT PUD RID RYAN  
THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN HE  
IS...I'LL CUT THIS BANCROFT DOWN  
WITH A SINGLE BULLET! RIDING  
GUIDE LIKE THIS, 'CAUSE THE  
SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY DON'T  
KNOW THE COUNTRY HEREABOUTS,  
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO  
SIGHT THIS KILLER!



S-SHERIFF...OVER  
YONDER IN THE TREES!  
I...I THINK WE'RE  
CLOSING IN!



I COULD GO IN THERE ALL BY MYSELF AND OUTGUN  
THIS BANCROFT... BUT THE SHERIFF'S THE BOSS!  
IF HE WANTS ME TO WAIT HERE SO WE CAN PALAVER  
IT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH  
THESE LAWMEN NOWADAYS... TOO MUCH BRAIN-  
WORK AND NOT ENOUGH  
TRIGGER-WORK!

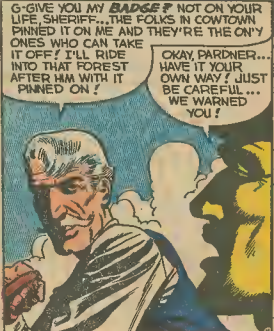


THAT MUST BE BILLY ALL RIGHT...PROB'LY  
THINKS HE'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM  
CIVILIZATION TO RISK A FIRE! YOU GAMME  
YOUR **BADGE**, THEN RIDE INTO THE FOREST,  
SHUFFLE! THAT WAY BANCROFT WON'T KNOW  
YOU'RE A LAWMAN! THEN WE'LL FOLLOW  
YOU AND GRAB 'IM!



G-GIVE YOU MY **BADGE**? NOT ON YOUR  
LIFE, SHERIFF...THE FOLKS IN COWTOWN  
PINNED IT ON ME AND THEY'RE THE ON'Y  
ONES WHO CAN TAKE  
IT OFF! I'LL RIDE  
INTO THAT FOREST  
AFTER HIM WITH IT  
PINNED ON!

OKAY, PARTNER...  
HAVE IT YOUR  
OWN WAY! JUST  
BE CAREFUL...  
WE WARNED  
YOU!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SEEMS TO ME IT'D BE BETTER TO SURROUND THIS COYOTE... LOT SAFER! BUT IF THE SHERIFF WANTS ME TO ACT AS A DECOY SO HIM AND HIS DEPUTY CAN FOLLER ME UP, THAT'S HOW WE'LL DO IT! SEEMS QUEER, THOUGH!



I-I'LL SHOW RIP I GOT MORE GUTS THAN A BARREL OF ORDINARY LAW OFFICERS! I SURE HOPE THIS BANCROFT AIN'T TRIGGER HAPPY... AND THE S-SHERIFF MOVES IN F FAST ONCE I SIGHT 'IM! G-GETTING CLOSE...



C CAN SMELL THE SMOKE / IF... IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME IT'LL BE RIP'S FAULT! T-THAT YOUNG NUMBSKULL NEVER SHOULD LET ME GO ON THIS MAN HUNT!



C-COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS R-RAISED! M-MR. BANCROFT! N-NO NEED FOR YOU TO KICK UP A FUSS... W-WE GOT THE WHOLE DAMN PLACE SURROUNDED! F-FUNNY... NO ONE HERE!



WE MUSTA SEEN ME COMING AND SKEDADDLED! LUCKY FOR HIM... HUH?

DON'T MAKE A MOVE, YOU OLD MELON HEAD! STAY WHERE YOU ARE... AND LISTEN!

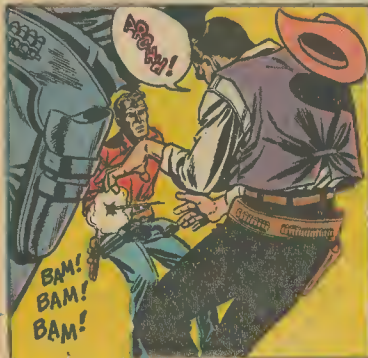
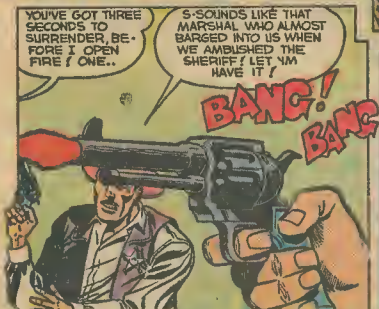


RIP RYAN? ARE... YOU BILLY BANCROFT?

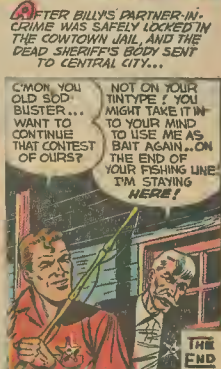
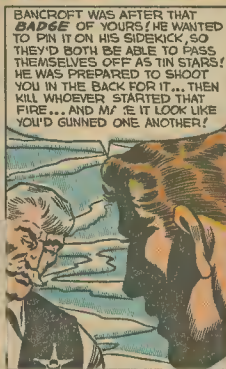
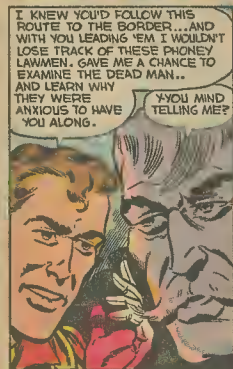
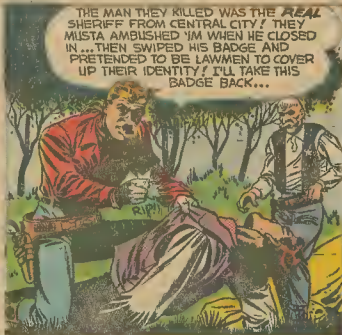
COURSE NOT FEATHER-BRAIN! BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS... WITHOUT NEVER LAYING EYES ON 'IM!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



THE END



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE MAN-HUNT SEEMED DOOMED TO DISMAL FAILURE, FOR THE THIEF WHO HAD JUST LOOTED THE "LAST OUTPOST" WAS ESCAPING WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED... WHILE ALL SKITCH CARTWELL COULD MUSTER WAS...

## ONE HORSEPOWER



WAY OUT HERE I DON'T GET TO SEE MANY FOLKS... ALWAYS GLAD WHEN SOMEONE DROPS IN. SHALL I FILL 'ER UP, MISTER?

TO THE BRIM, FRIEND! AND WHEN YOU GET FINISHED, YOU CAN RAISE THOSE SKINNY ARMS AND MAKE LIKE THIS IS A HOLD-UP!



DON'T SEEM VERY NEIGHBORLY OF YOU...

I CAN BE REAL NASTY AT TIMES, SLIM. WE CAN AVOID IT IF YOU'LL OBLIGE ME BY OPENING THAT CASH REGISTER



THE NAME ISN'T SLIM, FRIEND... IT'S SKITCH CARTWELL. AND I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY TO STEAL THIS MONEY... I'LL SEE TO IT YOU GIVE IT BACK!

THAT SO? A REAL OLD-TIME HERO, AREN'T YOU?



I'M NOT A BILL HICKOK, MISTER, BUT UHNN!

GO JOIN THE OTHER HOT-SHOTS, KID... IN DREAMLAND!

ALMOST \$500 IN THIS WAD... NOT A BAD HAUL FOR A LITTLE DUMP OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! JUNIOR'LL BE IN THE LAND OF NOD FOR A FEW MINUTES... I'LL SLASH THE WIRES OF HIS TIN CAN TO MAKE SURE HE WON'T FOLLOW ME!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**P**ILING ABOARD HIS MUD-SPATTERED JEEP, THE THIEF ROARED OFF. A MINUTE PASSED, THEN...

UGH! F-FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN FELL ON ME, THAT THAT CROOK... HE'S HEADED LICKETY SPLIT ACROSS THE PLAIN! G-GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF...



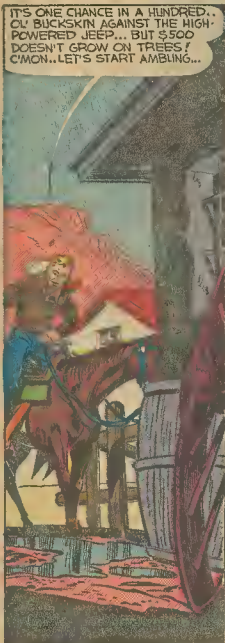
I'M STILL A LITTLE WOBBLY BUT I CAN'T SIT AROUND AND FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF! HE TOOK CARE OF THE CAR RIGHT PROPER... ONLY ONE WAY LEFT FOR ME TO TRACK 'IM!



IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED... OL' BUCKSKIN AGAINST THE HIGH-POWERED JEEP... BUT \$500 DOESN'T GROW ON TREES! C'MON...LET'S START AMBLING...

SPURRING HIS HORSE WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, SKITCH HURTTLED ACROSS THE RUGGED PLAINS IN PURSUIT OF THE BOUNDING JEEP...

LOOKS LIKE THIS RUGGED GROUND IS SLOWING 'IM DOWN... WHEELS WOBBLING ALL OVER THE PLACE. FROM THE LOOK OF IT HE MUST BE HEADED FOR BALDY PASS. THERE'S ONE WAY WE CAN SAVE TIME AND MEBBE CUT 'IM OFF... A WAY NO NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTION LIKE A JEEP CAN NAVIGATE!



U-UP YOU GO BUCKSKIN... HAIL!!



**S**PARKS FLEW AS BUCKSKIN'S HOVES TOUCHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE RAVINE. FOR A MOMENT THEY TEETERED WILDLY, REGAINED BALANCE AND GALLOPED ON. A FEW MINUTE'S LATER...

EASY FELLER... LOOKS LIKE I GUESSED RIGHT. HERE HE COMES!





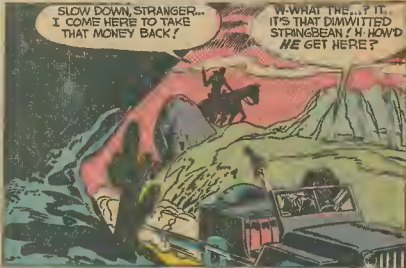
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE WAY THIS LOBO'S  
REVVING IT UP HE'D RIDE  
RIGHT OVER US WITHOUT  
BLINKING. GOTTA GIVE OUR-  
SELVES AN EVEN SHAKE...  
OR WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE  
AGAINST 'IM! MEBBE **THIS**  
WAY WE CAN AMBUSH  
THE RATTLESNAKE!



SLOW DOWN, STRANGER...  
I COME HERE TO TAKE  
THAT MONEY BACK!

W-WHAT THE...? IT  
IT'S THAT DIMWITTED  
STRINGBEAN! H-HOW'D  
HE GET HERE?



GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW  
CAUSE I'M GONNA SEAL HIS  
MOUTH FOR GOOD!

ONE...  
TWO...



THREE...  
FOUR...

**BLAM!**  
**BLAM!**



...FIVE...SIX! HIS GUN'S  
EMPTY... TIME FOR ME TO  
STICK MY NECK OUT AND  
DO A L'il TARGET PRACTICE  
OF MY OWN! ON THAT  
REAR TIRE!

**BLAM!**  
**BANG!**



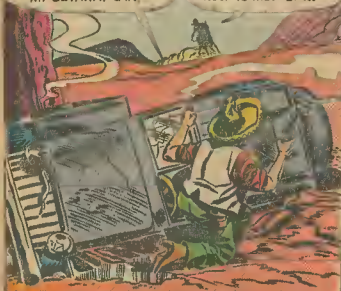
HE'S AIMING AT ME!  
G-GOTTA STEP ON THE  
GAS BEFORE...AIEIE!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

T-THAT LOUSY HAYSEED...  
HE'S PUT THE KIBOSH ON  
MY GETAWAY CAR

LOOKS LIKE WE UN-  
HORSED 'IM BUCKSKIN!  
NOW TO MOP UP...



I... I KNOW THESE  
WEAK-KNEED COW  
JOCKEYS... THEY AIN'T  
GOT THE GUTS TO SHOOT  
A MAN IN COLD BLOOD!  
IF HE COMES FOR ME  
I'LL TEAR 'IM APART  
WITH MY BARE  
HANDS!



D-DIRTY LUCK! MISSED  
'IM! BETTER SCRAMBLE  
FOR COVER BEFORE...

T-THAT ROPE...  
ARGH!!


HOLD FAST, BUCKSKIN...  
WE LASSOED US A STEER.  
A BUM STEER, I'D  
CALL 'IM!



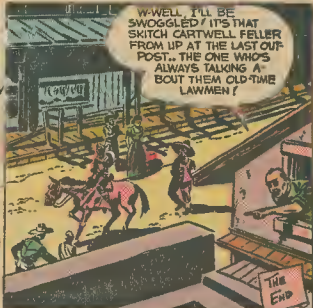
D-DON'T POINT  
THAT DANG THING  
AT ME! F-FRIEND!

CUT OUT THAT *FRIEND* STUFF,  
RANNY... YOU'RE MY PRISONER,  
AND I'M PRONOUNCING SENTENCE  
RIGHT NOW... WE GOT A LONG  
TRIP AHEAD OF US!



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W-WELL, I'LL BE  
SWOGGLED! IT'S THAT  
SKITCH CARTWELL FELLER  
FROM UP AT THE LAST OUT  
POST... THE ONE WHO'S  
ALWAYS TALKING A-  
BOUT THEM OLD-TIME  
LAWMEN!



THE  
END



# SIX-GUN SAVVY



The Wells-Forgo Express stagecoach lurched down the steep mountain trail, its ancient creakings lost in the thunder of pounding hoofs. The bewhiskered driver glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the billowing plume of dust rising in his wake, and with a muffled curse, swung the ends of his lines and brought them down on the rump of the off wheeler with a resounding whock.

"That donged cloud o' dust is a dead giveaway tuh every rood agent in these parts!" he growled to the grim figure on the box beside him. "I shore hope we don't git jumped by thet six-gun-loco Gunny Sock Bondit! The sidewinder is plumb kill-crazy."

"And I'm haping we dol," come the slow, measured reply. "I've gat some unfinished business with the moverick, and the quicker we lock horns, the quicker I aim to settle things! This time for goad!" he added dryly.

Far over a year the wily, mysterious Gunny Sack Bondit had eluded the the crock mon-hunters of the West. Those he had not eluded lay in scattered boothills. When Jimson's kid brother had gone to his death before the six-gun of the rood agent, the ronger had volunteered to take the badmon's trail, and had been promptly accepted.

"Bring him in dead or alive!" he had been bluntly ordered, "if it takes you the rest of your life!"

For months the Gunny Sock Bandit had been plundering the trails, leaving no clue in his deadly wake. Always he operated in the same fashion: A sudden burst of six-gun fire from ambush toppling the driver and shotgun messenger from atop the stagecoach, the quick plundering of the gold shipment by a lone figure with a gunny sock in which eye-holes had been cut out dropped over his head and shoulders, followed by swift flight . . . and sure escape! For weeks Slaughter Jimson had haunted the trail in fruitless search. Then on a bleak, windswept trail on the outskirts of Antelope Lick, their paths had crossed.

Slaughter's thin lips tightened as he recolled the event which had ended in a gunsmoke standoff. The Gunny Sock Bandit's bullet had

ripped through his left shoulder, spinning him off the top of the stagecoach he rode. Twisting in mid-air, he had down and fired a snap shot with the unerring instinct of the natural gunslinger. The bullet had shattered the Gunny Sock Bandit's right wrist. For two months after that, the stagecoaches had rolled unmolested. Then, without warning, the outlaw had reappeared, deadlier than ever. And now Ronger Slaughter Jimson was back on the trail once more with "unfinished business" to settle — for good this time!

The trail narrowed, snaking its way through a boulder-strewn divide. The pace slackened as the terrain grew rougher. Suddenly the leaders tossed their heads and their ears pricked forward and swung to the right, as if to pick up some sound pitched beyond the range of human ears. Ronger Slaughter Jimson nudged the driver with his shoulder as he reached far the lines.

"Toke cover inside the coach! I've got a sure-fire hunch that rood agent might be . . .!" His words died aborning.

A sudden jolt sent them both toppling from the coach, as the air was shattered by the roaring blast of gunfire. A withering hail of slugs struck the box they had just vacated. Ronger Jimson's head crashed against a boulder. A myriad of colored lights flashed through his consciousness, and darkness engulfed him.

When he came to a few minutes later, the faint drumming of flying hoofs fading into the distance told its grim story. The Gunny Sock Bandit had struck again and had made his getaway. The driver lay in a huddled heap that was beginning to stir. The ranger shook the cobwebs from his mind as he arose, strode toward the stagecoach and clombered up. The driver's seat was raised, and the box beneath that had held the gold shipment was empty. For a long moment the ranger gazed at the bullet holes in it. Then, using his jackknife, he began goug-

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ing. A moment later, a misshapen chunk of lead lay in the palm of his hand, being carefully weighed and scrutinized. A puzzled look spread faintly over his grim features and vanished in the wake of an equally grim, thin-lipped smile. With a panther-like bound, he was at the head of the startled Appaloosa bronc tied to the cauch. A jerk on the reins freed them. Flashing into the saddle he was gone in a swirling cloud of dust and flying gravel, leaning far out of the saddle, scanning the trail he was hat an.

The tracks led toward a sprawling frontier town. Dusk was falling when he lost the trail in the mire of tracks that criss-crossed the approach to the one main street. Finding his mysterious quarry with not even a description to go on would be worse than looking for a needle in a haystack. And yet not quite! He had one slim clue to pin his hope on.

Ranger Jimson pulled his bronc up at the first hitching rack and swung down. For a moment he calmly surveyed the one street through narrowed eyes, taking careful note of the hitching racks. All were bare except the one before the Red Front Saloon. That rack was crowded with an assortment of broncs. His quarry had not had too much of a lead on him. He must have pushed his bronc to the limits of its speed and endurance to have stayed out of the Appaloosa bronc's range. The ranger straddled over to the hitching rack and passed behind the loafing broncs, running his hand over their rumps as he did so. His hand came away wet from the hot rump of a weary buckskin.

He straddled up to the swinging doors of the saloon and pushed through, his falcon-fierce eyes sweeping the scene before him. Then they settled on the long row of dusty men lined up at the bar. One of them was the man he sought. He was nearing the end of the trail. His next move would bring his quarry to bay for the final showdown. His orders had been, "Bring him in dead or alive," and he would carry out those orders. Whether it was dead or alive would depend on how the badman wanted to play his hand. To Slaughter Jimson it made no difference. He loosened his vocal chords and spoke in a clear, crisp voice.

"Gents! There's a maverick among you that I aim to bring in! I want him to give himself up now, while he's got the chance!"

Dead silence filled the room. Not a man stirred. The ranger's voice took on the slow, measured cadence of a metronome.

"If my next order stampeded you gents there's going to be a mess of blood spilt, so I want you all to take it slow and easy-like. I want you gents to put your six-guns on the bar before you are at a time, starting with the gents on the left!"

The man cast him an anxious glance and be-

gan to campy. Out at the corner of his eye the ranger caught a movement. With the dazzling speed of farked lightning, he whirled and dipped, and the twinkling six-guns in his hands spat twin jets of scarlet flame as they roared in unison. The man who had made his move and lost was spun farcibly against the bar. His half-drawn six-gun dropped, struck the brass rail with a metallic clank and thudded to the floor. The man hung poised against the bar with jaws agape, clutching in wonder at the crimson blotch spreading across his shirtfront. Slowly he slumped forward, fell heavily to the floor, rolled face downward and lay still.

The ranger stared at the body calmly and addressed the bartender.

"Did this maverick leave any of his belongings with you?"

The bartender gasped with surprise.

"Y-Yeah! He asked me if he could cache his bedroll under the bar for a few hours! How did you know that?" he stammered.

"Bring it out," ordered the ranger.

The man obeyed with alacrity. The ranger loosened the straps and unraveled the bedroll. A heavy canvas bag stencilled BLOE MINING CO. and a gunny sack with eye-holes cut out of it lay before them.

The swinging doors suddenly exploded inwardly. A starchy sheriff and his deputies strided into the room.

"What in thunder's gain' on hyar?," the sheriff roared. "I heard the gunplay an' come a runnin'!" He stopped short and stared down at the body. "Who's he?," he asked.

"The Gunny Sack Bandit," replied Ranger Slaughter Jimson casually. "I reckon my unfinished business with him is plumb settled or last!"

"But-But how in tarnation did you know who he was?," sputtered the sheriff. "There wasn't even a description out on the sidewinder!"

"Pick up his six-gun and look at it!," the ranger commanded. "You'll find it's a .38 mounted on a .44 frame!"

The sheriff picked up the six-gun and looked at it, scratching his head in wonder.

"Yuh're plumb right, Ranger, but it beats me how yuh could a' knowed that!" he drawled.

"It's plumb simple," explained Ranger Slaughter Jimson. "I smashed his right wrist with a bullet the last time our trails crossed. When I dug a .38 caliber slug out of a stagecoach shot up today, I knew he must have had a .38 mounted on his old .44 frame to lighten the force of the recoil on his weakened wrist. That gave me the one clue I needed. Not many men in these parts pack a .38. Just chalk the victory up to six-gun savvy," he added with a grim smile.

The End



# GOLDEN ARROW

## in THE GHOST of Golden Arrow

WHEN the vicious criminals try to steal the oil rich valley, they know they'll have to get rid of Golden Arrow before they can complete their plans! But read what happens when the Robin Hood of the Old West refuses to stay dead and his GHOST carries on the fight!



AS GOLDEN ARROW RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF DRY GULCH HE STOPS AT THE SHOP OF PAUL TRYON, THE LOCAL ARTIST ---

HOWDY, PAUL, I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR RIGHT CLOSE TO A MONTH NOW. I RECKON YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THAT PICTURE OF ME FINISHED BY NOW!

I SHORE HAVE, GOLDEN ARROW! I SAW YOU COMING UP THE STREET SO I BROUGHT IT RIGHT OUT.

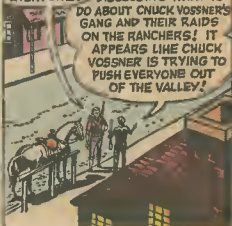
THERE IT IS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S A RIGHT GOOD PICTURE OF ME. LET'S ROLL IT UP AGAIN AND I'LL PUT IT WITH MY BLANKET ROLL!

AFTER GOLDEN ARROW HAS PAID FOR THE PICTURE ---

THE TOWN LOOKS PLUMB EMPTY TODAY! WHERE IS EVERYONE!

MOST FOLKS ARE AT THE TOWN HALL AT THE SHERIFFS MEETING! THEY'RE DISCUSSING WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S GANG AND THEIR RAIDS ON THE RANCHERS! IT APPEARS LIKE CHUCK VOSSNER IS TRYING TO PUSH EVERYONE OUT OF THE VALLEY!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AT THE MENTION OF TROUBLE GOLDEN ARROW LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING OVER TO THE TOWN HALL!

YOU ALL KNOW I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THE BAR, BUT WE KNOW WE'RE NO MATCH FER VOSSNER AND HIS GUNMEN! I SAY WE GIVE IN NOW TO SAVE OUR LIVES AND THEN SEND FER THE TROOPS TO CHASE THOSE OUTLAWS OFF OUR SPREADS!



I OWN THE LAZY B AND I DON'T AIM TO GIVE IT UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! I SAY WE BAND TOGETHER AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH CHUCK VOSSNER AND HIS ARMY OF KILLERS!



I WANT TO THANK YOU MEN FER COMING HYAR AND GIVING ME YORE IDEAS ON HOW TO FIGHT THIS MENACE! I SEE THAT OUR OLD FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW HAS JUST COME INTO THE HALL, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO TALK THIS SITUATION OVER WITH HIM!

AFTER THE SHERIFF TELLS GOLDEN ARROW ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S ACTIVITIES---

--SO YOU SEE THIS VOSSNER IS NO SMALL TIME ROBBING RAIDER! HE'S THE LEADER OF A LARGE BAND THEY SEEMS TO BE MAKING A SYSTEMATIC DRIVE TO PUSH ALL RANCHERS OUT OF THE VALLEY!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST ARM A LARGE POSSE AND GO OUT AND FIGHT THE JASPER'S?



BECAUSE VOSSNER IS A GOOD GUNMAN, BUT I JUST DON'T THINK HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO WORK OUT A BIG PROJECT LIKE CLEARING THE VALLEY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S WORKING FER SOMEONE AND I WANT THE BIG BOSS BEHIND THE RAIDS!



I'M READY TO HELP! WHEN DO YOU AIM TO GET STARTED?

I RECKON THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO TILL TOMORROW MORNING! SUPPOSE YOU SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE SMALL EMPTY SHACK UP IN THE HILLS, AND IN THE MORNING, WE'LL GET TOGETHER AND SET UP A PLAN OF ACTION!

THAT NIGHT, GOLDEN ARROW IS AWAKENED BY NOISES IN HIS SHACK!

WHO'S THERE? HUH! HEY, WHAT IS THIS? I'M TIED TO THE BED!

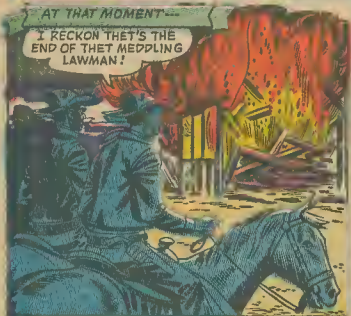
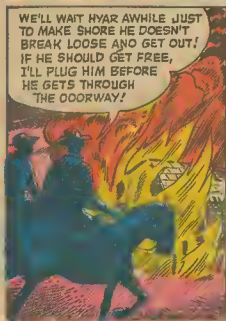
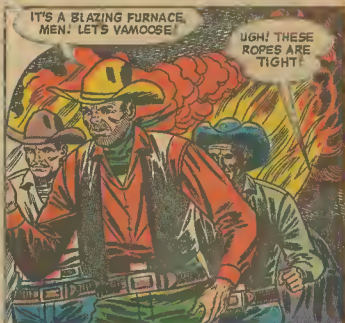


I'M CHUCK VOSSNER AND I'VE HEARD OF YORE REPUTATION FER HELPING THE LAW. I AIM TO MAKE SHORE YOU STAY OUT OF THINGS AROUND HYAR!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER, GOLDEN ARROW ARRIVES  
AT THE SHERIFF'S HOME —

WAKE UP, SHERIFF! YOU WERE  
RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE  
BEHIND CHUCK VOSSNER  
AND I HAVE AN IDEA  
HOW TO MAKE HIM  
REVEAL HIS IDENTITY!

WHAT  
DO YOU AIM  
TO DO

VOSSNER THINKS HE'S KILLED  
ME, SO I'M GOING TO HAUNT HIM  
UNTIL HE RUNS TO HIS BOSS  
FOR PROTECTION! WHEN HE  
DOES, I'LL FIND OUT WHO  
HIS BOSS IS! NOW ALL  
I HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP  
A LENGTH OF CHAIN  
AND I'M OFF!

SCRATCH GRAVEL  
WHITE WIND! WE'RE  
GOING TO ACT OUT  
A GHOST STORY!



SOME TIME LATER, IN THE HILLS —

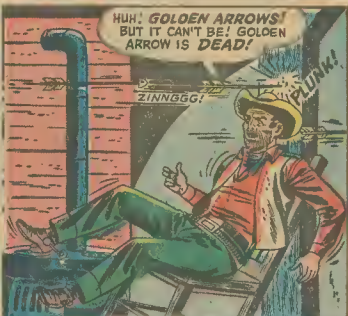
THERE'S THEIR HIDE-OUT AND THAT'S  
CHUCK VOSSNER SITTING IN THE CABIN.  
HERE'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO BE  
STARTLED OUT OF A YEAR'S  
GROWTH



HUH! GOLDEN ARROWS!  
BUT IT CAN'T BE! GOLDEN  
ARROW IS DEAD!

ZINNGGG!

PUNK!



THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!  
HOW THE ORNERY VAMTIN IS  
GOING TO GET THE REAL  
SPOOK TREATMENT!

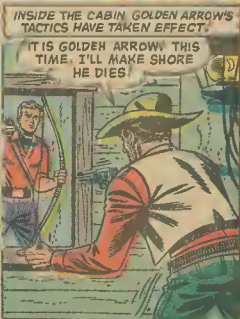


THIS CHAIN RATTLE WILL  
HELP PUT HIM IN THE  
SPIRIT OF THINGS



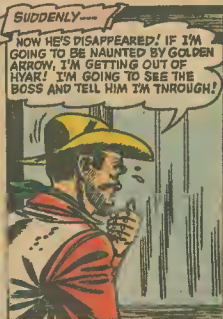
INSIDE THE CABIN GOLDEN ARROW'S  
TACTICS HAVE TAKEN EFFECT.

IT IS GOLDEN ARROW, THIS  
TIME. I'LL MAKE SURE  
HE DIES!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER ---

I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOME OWLNHOOT IN THET WINDOW! NOW REACH, LAWMAN, AND GET INTO THE HOUSE!

HUH!



IT'S GOLDEN ARROW --- AND HE'S ALIVE!

RIGHT! AND THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T DELAY ANY LONGER! I'LL RIDE TO THE SHERIFF AND TELL HIM THET GOLDEN ARROW HAS LOCATED THE VOSSNER GANG IN THE HILLS AND HE WANTS THE RANCHERS TO COME OUT AND CLEAN OUT THE GANG!



THEN I'LL LEAD ALL THE RANCHERS TO A SPOT WHERE YOU AND YORE MEN CAN AMBUSH THEM. YOU KILL OFF ALL THE LAND OWNERS AND LEAVE IT CLEAR FER ME TO GRAB ALL THE LAND --- AND ALSO THE OIL BENEATH IT!

BUT FIRST TIE UP THIS HOMBRE, WE MAY NEED HIM AS A NOSTAGE LATER.

RIGHT, BOSS, AND THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY!



SOON ---

DON'T FORGET. I'LL LEAD THE RANCHERS THROUGH KOSTER PASS WHERE YOU AND YORE MEN WILL BE WAITING!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS, IT WILL BE A MASSACRE!



KNOWING THAT EVERY SECOND COUNTS, GOLDEN ARROW STRUGGLES VALIANTLY WITH THE ROPES THAT BIHD HIM, BUT IT IS HOURS LATER BEFORE HIS WRISTS, RAW FROM THE FRICTION OF THE ROUGH ROPES, FINALLY COME FREE!

I'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO KOSTER PASS OR IT'S SURE DEATH FOR ALL OF THEM!

AFTER A BREATHTAKING RIDE ---

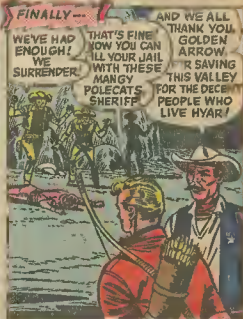
HOLD IT, SHERIFF! THERE'S AN AMBUSH WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS!

GOLDEN ARROW! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane



A  
BLACK JACK  
STORY

in  
The  
TERROR



**T**HOROUGHBORED HORSES DISAPPEAR WITHOUT TRACE AND TOUCH OFF HAIR-TRIGGER TEMPER IN A SWEEPING, TURBULENT TIDE OF VIOLENCE THAT EVEN THE SIX-GUN PROVERBS AND PILE-DRIVING POWER OF ROCKY LANE'S MIGHTY FISTS CANNOT STEM--UNTIL THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE MAELSTROM TO MEET THE MURDEROUS CHALLENGE OF **THE STALKING TERROR!**

**T**HE INDOMITABLE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, RACES HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, OVER A RUGGED MOUNTAIN TRAIL....

EASY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! THESE MOUNTAIN TRAILS CALL FOR SOME MIGHTY SURE FOOTING!



**S**UDDENLY.....  
HELP!  
LEMMIE GO...  
I'M PLUMB  
INNOCENT!

WHOA,  
BLACK JACK!  
THAT SOUNDS AS IF  
A NECKTIE PARTY  
IS FIXING TO COME  
OFF!



STRING THE  
HOSS-STEALING  
VARMINT UP!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!  
I AIM TO TAKE A  
HAND IN THIS!

HAUL  
AWAY, MEN!  
HE'S AN EX-RUSTLER  
AND A LEOPARD  
DOESN'T CHANGE  
ITS SPOTS, I  
RECKON!

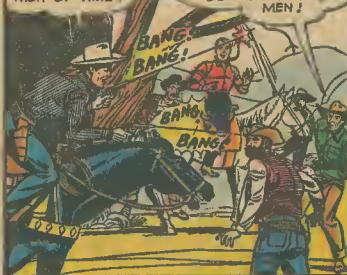




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

IT LOOKS AS IF I GOT  
HERE PLUMB IN THE  
NICK OF TIME

I RECKON IT'S ONE  
OF HIS RUSTLER PARDS.  
GUN HIM DOWN,  
MEN!



DROP THAT GUN AND START  
TALKING--PRONTO! I'M ROCKY  
LANE AND I AIM TO FIND OUT  
WHY YOU JASPER'S ARE  
STRINGING UP THIS RANNY!

ROCKY LANE  
-- THE  
UNDERCOVER  
MARSHAL?



THAT'S RIGHT! NOW  
WHAT'S THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

I'VE BEEN MISSING  
SOME THOROUGHBRED  
HOSSES RIGHT ALONG  
AND MY HANDS, HERE,  
FOUND OUT THAT THIS  
MAVERICK, WHO WAS RIDING  
HERD ON THE BRONGS WAS  
A RUSTLER--WHICH  
MEANS HE'S BEEN  
STEALING THEM!

THAT'S A  
DOGGONED  
LIE!



YUH, MEAN TO SAY  
BALD-FACED THAT  
YOU'RE NOT AN  
EX-RUSTLER?

HOW  
ABOUT  
THAT?

THAT PART IS TRUE  
ENOUGH AND I WON'T  
DENY IT! I WAS JUST  
A WILD KID WHO  
GOT MIXED UP WITH  
A BAD CROWD,  
AND....



...BELIEVE ME, ROCKY, I LEARNED  
MY LESSON! I'VE GONE STRAIGHT  
EVER SINCE! WHEN I SAY I  
DIDN'T STEAL THOSE HOSSES,  
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!



ALL RIGHT! I RECKON I'LL TAKE  
YOUR WORD ON THAT, BUT IT'LL  
GO MIGHTY HARD WITH YOU IF  
YOU'RE LYING--BECAUSE I AIM  
TO ROUND UP WHOEVER IS  
DOING THE RUSTLING!

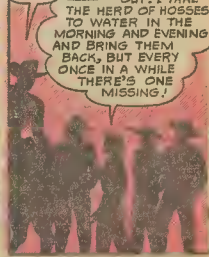


THANKS, ROCKY,  
AND I AIM  
TO HELP YOU!

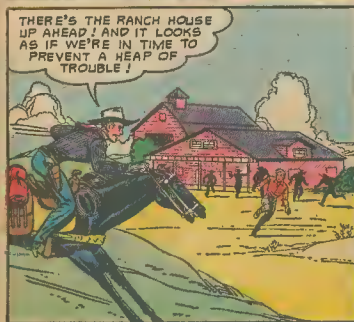
NOW TELL ME HOW  
THESE HOSSES  
HAVE BEEN  
DISAPPEARING!

I CAN'T  
FIGURE IT  
OUT! I TAKE

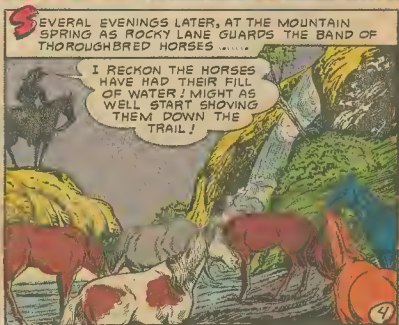
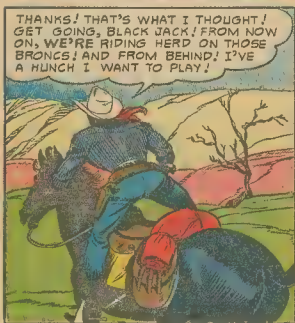
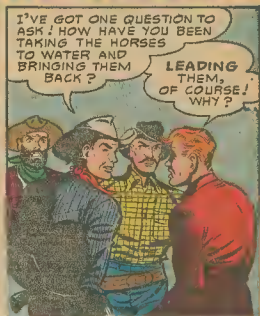
THE HERD OF HOSSES TO  
WATER IN THE  
MORNING AND EVENING  
AND BRING THEM  
BACK, BUT EVERY  
ONCE IN A WHILE  
THERE'S ONE  
MISSING!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THAT EX-RUSTLER MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE, I RECKON: HE LED THE HERD WHICH MEANS THEY WERE BEHIND HIM! I AIM TO HERD THE HORSES IN FRONT OF ME WHERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON THEM ALL THE TIME!



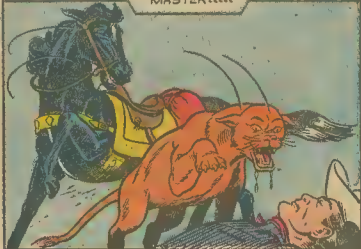
SUDDENLY--- WITHOUT WARNING....

A MOUNTAIN LION!

GRRRR!



AS THE FEROCIOUS MOUNTAIN LION POISES A MIGHTY CLAWED PAW FOR THE SLASHING DEATH-STROKE, THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, WHIRLS TO THE DEFENSE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER....



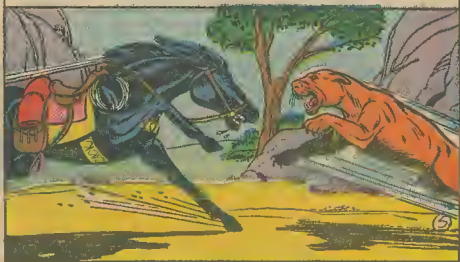
CONK!



....AND FACES THE SNARLING FURY OF THE STALKING TERROR!



AS THE RAPACIOUS KILLER SAVAGELY TURNS ITS BLAZING FURY TOWARD THE GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK UNDAUNTEDLY PLUNGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ATTACK WITH THE THUNDERING VIOLENCE OF A RAGING TORNADO GONE BESERK!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**A**S THE GREAT RAKING CLAWS OF THE MOUNTAIN LION SLASH TOWARD THE VITAL JUGULAR VEIN, **BLACK JACK** LASHES OUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED--SENDING HIS MURDEROUS ASSAILANT FLYING!



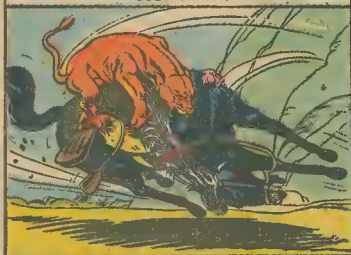
**A**S THE GREAT-HEARTED **BLACK JACK** FURIOUSLY CHARGES TO END THE PRAY, THE WILY MOUNTAIN KILLER DEFTLY SIDE-STEPS, AND...



....LEAPS TO THE MIGHTY STALLION'S BACK FOR THE KILL!



**B**UT THE KEEN, INTELLIGENT MIND OF **BLACK JACK** HAS SEIZED THE STRATEGY IN A TWINKLING FLASH AND GOES INTO INSTANTANEOUS ACTION .....



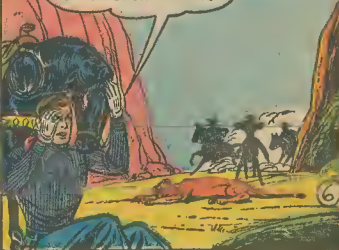
.... AND ROLLS, PINNING THE SNARLING KILLER TO THE GROUND IN A CRESCENDO OF FRIGHTFUL SCREAMS AND BREAKING BONES .....



**B**LACK JACK WHIRLS AND STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH THE EARTH-SHAKING FORCE OF LIGHTNING, STAMPING THE MURDEROUS SPARK OF LIFE OUT OF THE GREAT KILLER-CAT!



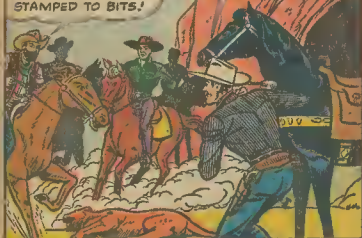
GOOD OLD PARD, **BLACK JACK**! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I RECKON I SHOULD SAY THANKS, BUT WE DON'T NEED WORDS TO SAVVY EACH OTHER!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

WE RODE BACK OVER THE TRAIL WHEN THE BAND OF HOSSES CAME BACK WITHOUT YUH, ROCKY-- WHUT IN SAM HILL? A MOUNTAIN LION STAMPED TO BITS!

RIGHT, THAT'S YOUR RUSTLER, GENTS---WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!



AND HERE ARE YOUR RUSTLED BRONCS OR WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM IN THE CAVE!

SO THAT MOUNTAIN LION WAS THE RUSTLER!



RIGHT! HE PICKED OFF THE STRAGGLERS, KILLED THEM AND DRAGGED THEM INTO THE CAVE, AND THEN CAREFULLY BLOTED OUT HIS TRAIL--AS CATS ALWAYS DO! OUR FRIEND, THE EX-RUSTLER NEVER EVEN SAW THE MOUNTAIN LION BECAUSE HE LED THE BAND OF BRONCS!

THANKS, ROCKY LANE! YUH'VE DONE MORE THAN JUST SAVE MY LIFE! YUH'VE MADE FOLKS BELIEVE IN ME AGAIN!

WE SHORE THANK YUH, ROCKY LANE! YUH'VE SAVED US FROM TAKING AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE--AND YUH WIPED OUT A KILLER!



THANKS, BUT THE CREDIT FOR ALL THIS GOES TO BLACK JACK! GET RAMBLING, OLD PARD, AND I DO MEAN PARD!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF

## Rocky Lane

AND HIS HORSE BLACK JACK

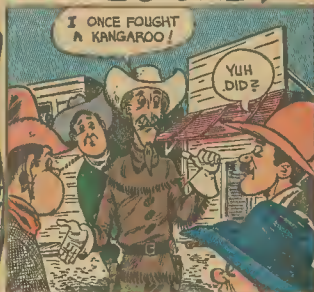
*in his own magazine...*

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR *rocky lane western*

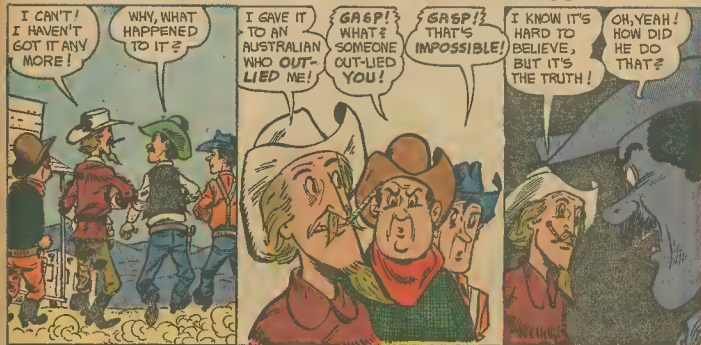


# BUFFALO BULL...

# \* AUSTRALIA BOUND! "



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

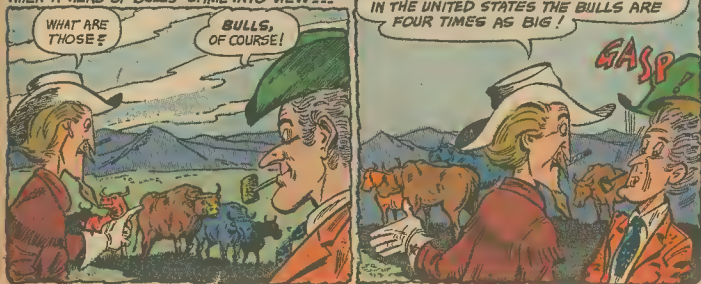


WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, I WAS ROAMING AROUND IN AUSTRALIA AND I HAD ALREADY WON THE GRAND MEDAL FER LYING, WHEN I MET THIS HOMRE AND HE INVITED ME OUT TO HIS RANCH!

HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME BEING A CHAMP LIAR AND I DECIDED TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM AND TEASE HIM!



\*HE WAS SHOWING ME AROUND HIS GROUNDS, WHEN A HERD OF BULLS CAME INTO VIEW...\*



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

"IN A FEW MOMENTS WE CAME UPON A FLOCK OF SHEEP..."



"AT THAT MOMENT A FEW KANGAROOS HOPPED PASSED US..."



HYMM, THEY'RE ABOUT THE SIZE OF AMERICAN RABBITS!



---THEY'RE GRASSHOPPERS!



I DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD! I JUST HANDED MY LIAR'S MEDAL TO HIM!

HA, HA! HE PUT YUH IN YORE PLACE, DIDN'T HE?

YUP! THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME I RAN ACROSS AN HOMBRE WHO LIED BETTER THAN ME!

WELL, WE BELIEVE YUH REALLY WERE IN AUSTRALIA NOW! TELL US 'BOUT THAT KANGAROO YUH FOUGHT!

I HATE TO THINK OF IT! EVEN THE MEMORY IS PAINFUL!

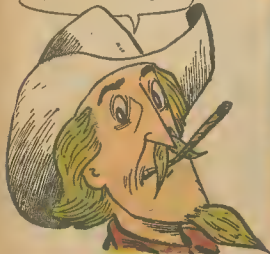
YUH MEAN HE BEAT YUH UP?



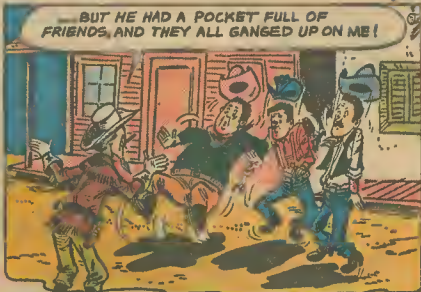


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

NO! I WAS GETTING THE  
BEST OF HIM ---



--- BUT HE HAD A POCKET FULL OF  
FRIENDS, AND THEY ALL GANGED UP ON ME!



THAT'S RIGHT!  
KANGAROOS DO  
CARRY THEIR  
YOUNGS IN THEIR  
POUCHES,  
DON'T THEY?



YES, AND I SAW  
A VERY AMUSING  
THING OVER THERE!  
THIS IS TRUE,  
FELLOWS! I  
SAW IT WITH MY  
OWN EYES---



A BABY KANGAROO KEPT  
JUMPING OUT OF HIS MAMA'S  
POUCH TIME AFTER TIME,  
AND THE PAPPY KANGAROO GOT  
VERY ANNOYED AT THIS AND WAS  
ABOUT TO SPANK THE BABY  
WHEN THE MAMA KANGAROO  
CRIED OUT---



"DON'T SPANK JUNIOR! HE CAN'T  
HELP JUMPING OUT OF MY  
POUCH EVERY FEW MOMENTS!  
I HAVE THE HICCUGHS!"



LET'S GO,  
FELLOWS!

HUH? WHAR ARE YUH  
CRITTERS GOING?



TO AUSTRALIA... TO GET  
THAT CHAMPION LIAR'S  
MEDAL BACK FER YUH!

HA,  
HA!

UHE!





# YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD  
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

## MOTORCADE BARGAIN

# 50 CARS \$1 FOR



REPAIR TRUCKS  
HIGHWAY VANS  
DELIVERY TRUCKS  
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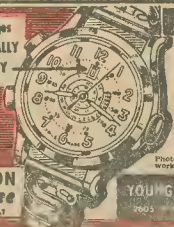
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TV now reaches from coast to coast. Quality for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical repairman... work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

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NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized... many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

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